

Shorter Pilgrimages of the Spiritual Whore

Every lifting thought I hear from whatever
guru, pond-eyed, hairy men, placid-

ly insistent, ankle-
skirted women, I forget
by the following Tuesday

or so. Those greater prophets too
hammered everybody hard
by virtue

of our sinning just
about anywhere on earth,
but deeper words also

filter out, I'm afraid
that my best response (I've

already proven I'm shallow and thus
let nothing me dismay) is the finger.